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LITTLE ROSE.

THE pretty picture of "Little Rose," a sweet and happy French girl who has ornamented her costume with wild flowers, is a copy by John S. Davis of James Bertrand's painting of "Rose Pompon." Bertrand is best known, especially by those who are familiar with the Luxembourg Gallery, by his picture of the "Drowned Virginia," from the romantic story of "Paul and Virginia." All of his works are popular. He was born in Lyons, and received medals at the exhibitions in 1861, 1863 and 1869.

ENGLISH LANDLADIES.

NOTHING can be more soothing to the American traveler, accustomed, as he is, to the grudging service of an American hotel, than the cheerful and polite attentions of an English landlady. She is almost always young, good-looking, neatly dressed, and possessed of excellent manners, understanding her business, and not ashamed of it, helping her husband to keep a "public" with all her might and main, realizing that civility and good manners are things every weary traveler is disposed to pay for. In the small country inns, which Washington Irving so charmingly describes, the landlady has been generally the upper servant, the favorite maid of the neighboring great house, who has married "my lord's own man," and she and he are amongst their own people, well-trained, with good manners, somewhat better educated than their neighbors, and perfectly contented with their position—a happy state of mind which belongs to no American living. In the larger towns and cities, the great hotels have always a lady at the desk, and the business of the house is carried on by a manager, generally a woman, and a well-dressed, amiable, well-mannered woman at that. I was told in London by one of those very superior women that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and that the small fee which I gave her for being very kind to me in illness was enough to give her a summer holiday which she would not else have enjoyed! What a commentary that is upon the difference between English and American women. Not from Maine to Georgia could we find an American woman of her degree of intelligence, cultivation and elegance, who would condescend to fill the place that she did, or who could have accepted a sum of money so gratefully and so modestly, and with such perfect self-respect as she did, in which I think we Americans are in the wrong. We have a nervous, fussy pride which is not self-respect, and we call certain industries respectable and lady-like, while we condemn others, as if all industry and all work were not the most respectable thing in the world! The American woman takes her stand in *not* being a landlady. Her husband may keep a hotel if he pleases—she will not—and the result is that hotels in America miss that grace and comfort and care which makes those of England, from the grand Buckingham Palace Hotel in London, to the little wayside inn at Warwick, and so on all through delicious, rural England, most comfortable stopping-places, where every nerve is soothed, and the fretful fur of the traveler is rubbed the right way.

At the Buckingham Palace Hotel the female influence was called the housekeeper. I do not misuse that often misapplied word when I say that she was a perfect *lady*, a young and very pretty woman of excellent manners. She appeared two or three times a day at the door of your room asking if she could be of service, sent you the addresses of shop people, received and forwarded your purchases after you had left London, or would go and do shopping for you with great intelligence. She was guide, philosopher, and friend, sister and nurse if you were ill, and so agreeable in the few words of conversation you might have with her, that you were very much tempted (which she never allowed) to forget the subordinate position which she occupied. Such manners as hers were worth crossing the Atlantic to see.

I liked less well the elegant person in *moire antique* who presided over an hotel at Oxford. Still she was very respectful and full of concern for our comfort. And so on, through all the United Kingdom, we found these apparently educated and accomplished ladies doing the work of a hotel-keeper, and doing it admirably. But the charm to me was in the remote country inns, where the decent landlady came out with her husband to help us out of the carriage, followed us in to ask what she could do for us, told us in most excellent English the points of interest

about the neighborhood, was at once glad of her calling, and determined to make her house agreeable to her guests.

I shall never forget the magical influence of one of these landladies at the pretty inn near Keswick, up in the English lakes. We had traveled all day with an invalid gentleman who was in that state of nervous exhaustion when even kindness annoyed him. He had quarreled with his wife, his daughter, his servant, and the world generally. We arrived at Keswick about six o'clock, and took carriages for the hotel. A splendid thunder-storm had swept over the lake district an hour before, and we came in for our share of some ragged clouds edged with crimson and gold, some belated rain-drops which shone like diamonds, while on every rose and peony and blue-bell hung a shower of brilliants. The sun had come out gloriously triumphant from behind the war of elements like a serene statesman after a fiery political squabble. Derwentwater lay like a sapphire before us, and all around were Skiddaw, "the mighty Helvellyn," and the other alternately jagged and smooth hills of this wonderful and unique spot. It was a glorious moment, and in its intense enjoyment I forgot the poor invalid gentleman.

We had arrived a quarter of an hour before him, and were enjoying this scene when we heard his querulous voice. He was being unpacked from his carriage by the weary wife, daughter, and servant, when suddenly his face changed as a cheery voice said, "Can not I be of service, sir? Take my arm, won't you?"

And he looked down on a sweet, "sonsy" face and figure, a picture of healthy English rustic beauty, a brown-haired, fresh-complexioned woman, who extended to him two well-kept, healthy, robust hands. She was dressed in a clean chintz dress, and had a little white cap on her pretty hair. She was as fresh as the roses, the peonies, and the blue-bells, and she was the landlady.

The sick gentleman started at this apparition and allowed her to help him. She did it strongly, serviceably and well, and with a woman's gentleness and tact. I saw her afterward running in and out with tea and other comforts, and I saw her take off the tired lady's bonnet and smooth her hair. The next day I saw the invalid gentleman sitting on the piazza looking at Derwentwater, and very much appeased. I ventured to ask him how he was. He answered cheerfully, "Much better, and I shall stay at this delightful inn a month." As he said so, the bustling landlady approached with some hair cushions for his poor aching back, and as I drove away, carefully assisted into my own carriage by the same attentive person, I felt that I should have liked to follow his example.

Up in Scotland, near Melrose Abbey, at a humble little inn where we went for lunch, we found an elderly, plain landlady, who had known Sir Walter Scott. She stood by our table as we ate her good roast beef and sweet loaf, and told us anecdotes of that great man which brought him more before my eyes than any other stories ever have. She spoke of his thoughtful kindness to his servants and dependants, one of whom she had been. She told us also some anecdotes of Mr. Hope Scott and his heiress daughter, the only living descendant of the novelist. Being a good Scotch Presbyterian, she regretted that the money taken at Abbotsford (as a show-place) went off to the Catholics, Mr. Scott and his daughter being great Roman Catholics. This landlady remembered Scott's excessive lameness, and his indomitable perseverance in overcoming it, and she had seen and caressed Maida, the noble greyhound which Scott loved. She put her apron to her eyes as she asked if we had noticed Maida's statue and epitaph,

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door,"

and she seemed to regard us as personal friends when we told her we had come from beyond the far Atlantic to pay our tribute to the greatest of enchanters, to walk through Abbotsford, to reverently pause before the tomb at Dryburgh, and to sit an hour silently amid the ruins of Melrose. She immediately quoted these lines:

"The moon on the east oriel shone
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliated tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Twixt poplars straight the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreath to stone."

And no better description of that wonderfully delicate stone tracery of Melrose could be imagined. She spoke it well, too.

At Blair Athole, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, is a beautiful modern inn, built by the great Duke of Athole for the gathering of the clans. We dined in a Gothic hall, surrounded by the heraldic devices of the great Scotch houses—a superb room.

Here was a landlady of an unusual style. Nature had made her on a very aristocratic pattern. She looked as if she were a duchess, with her perfectly white hair surrounding a fresh and not too old face. This imperial woman came out to help us alight, as is the universal custom of the landladies of England, and as she extended her hand, her fine tall figure dressed in black, I thought I had traveled back into the Middle Ages, and was being assisted by a chate-laine at the door of her mediæval castle. But this splendid creature took no airs. She was as respectful and attentive as if she had not looked like a duchess. Her whole air seemed to say, "*Noblesse oblige!*"

A year from that day I alighted at a hotel in Western New York. We went from an overlaid railway train to a freshly painted abomination which was called an hotel. The piazza was covered with slovenly men who sat smoking, chewing and spitting tobacco. When we got inside we found a dirty fellow in his shirt sleeves who was the landlord. He was obliging and industrious, tried to help us, and at our request for rooms took us into a stuffy bedroom, curtainless and full of flies, the washstand destitute of water and towels, and the feather bed and pillows surmounted by a cotton "comforter" at least one hundred years old. The good fellow got us a pitcher of water with difficulty, for water is very expensive at an American tavern, and after an hour's delay gave us a very poor dinner. We saw in the parlor an overdressed female reposing in a rocking-chair. Her hair was very much *crêpé* and dressed in the extreme of the mode; her gown was greasy but dressy; her hands and teeth had not been attended to at all. She sat and rocked, and looked out of the window, and treated us with lofty disdain. This was the landlady!

I could not but feel, as I remembered the clean, industrious, well-mannered landladies of England, that my own dear land of liberty and universal suffrage might derive some ideas from the *effete* civilization of a despotic government.

There is something very noble in the American husband. He wants to do all the work and save his wife, but it is very ignoble of the wife to allow him to do so. If she can work she should do so, to help him. Very often the cares of a family are quite enough; but there are many women who have health and talent who can work, and who can assist to increase that mutual fortune which both shall enjoy. Let every wife remember that she can not rise above the social status of her husband. If he is Secretary of State she shares his honors. If he is a stage-driver she shares his poverty. If he is a tavern-keeper, she is the tavern-keeper's wife, and shares his social status. If she helps him as she can, and does it willingly, she is far more of a "lady" than if she permits her house to be dirty, comfortless, and badly served, while she sits in gloomy idleness in her parlor. I have known a country tavern where the landlord was everything that was attentive and kind, but where his wife, from a false sense of gentility, refused to go in to see an invalid lady who required some attention. She assumed airs of fashion, and "received calls" in a stuffy parlor which needed sweeping.

Such faults pervade our American system. We are not yet instructed in the principles of true, good breeding, while the wife ignores her husband's position. If the clerk at two or three thousand a year dresses his wife as his employer does, who enjoys one hundred and fifty thousand a year, we can have no honest clerks. It is the secret of many a defalcation—the utter ruin of many a good fellow.

There are sixty thousand unmarried females in a certain State sighing for a career. Why will they not become landladies? Why not, with their white hands and clear brains, keep the books and keep the house; turn out the most superb breakfasts and dinners, and add to the charm of their good housekeeping the music of a warm and gentle welcome? The United States of America, outside of the great cities, have almost no good hotels. What a change would not these lovely landladies effect. Traveling would then become paradisaical. Men and women would

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Drawn on the wood by John S. Davis.

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LITTLE ROSE.—AFTER BERTRAND.